

WEIR AND REFORM

After Mayor A. H. Weir vetoed the ordinance sanctioning sacred concerts on Sunday, and expressed so much righteous indignation that there should be an attempt made within the more or less moral precincts of his bailiwick to give an artistic rendering of the sacred and classical masterpieces on the Sabbath day, and referred at length to his desire to carry out the wishes of the "good people" who elected him, THE COURIER ventured to point out the inconsistency of the chief executive of the city in making such vigorous and holy war on Sabbath evening sacred music, while he makes and has made no attempt to suppress other things that are far worse than sacred concerts, or enforce the law against Sunday liquor selling and Sunday dances, etc.

THE COURIER has no fight against Mayor Weir, whom it regards as a humbug; but its position was and is that the mayor is glaringly inconsistent, and that he has made himself liable to criticism, and the remarks of this paper concerning the shortcomings of the mayor, his neglect to enforce the law, and his weakness for parading before the people as a pious reformer, may have been somewhat pointed; but what is the use of saying a thing at all, if you don't say it as though you meant it.

THE COURIER simply called attention to the fact that liquor is sold in various places on the Sabbath day, and that Mayor Weir and his reform police force are making no attempt to stop the same; that Sunday dances and other disorderly amusements are held regularly every Sunday evening in the blocks around the government square and elsewhere; that houses of prostitution are openly maintained in various parts of the city in open defiance of law, and that the mayor and police force have not made any attempt to enforce the law in this regard. The additional statement was also made that Mayor Weir's reform police force is guilty of participation in politics.

At the next meeting of the city council following the publication of these statements, Councilman Woods introduced a resolution directing the attention of the mayor to the charges and requesting him to enforce the law in the premises.

There was a meeting of the excise board, consisting of Mayor Weir and Messrs. A. D. Burr and F. W. Brown, Monday morning, and Councilman Woods and the editor of THE COURIER were present at the meeting in response to a summons, issued without any authority whatever.

Mr. Woods was first called upon to testify. He stated it to be a matter of public notoriety that members of the police force had been guilty of participation in politics; that Officer Kucera, while on duty, had publicly peddled Fred Miller tickets at the central station.

Mayor Weir and members of the excise board admitted that these charges were true. C. E. Alexander testified that he saw Kucera distribute the tickets and Kucera was subsequently suspended.

Vindication of one of THE COURIER'S charges.

Mr. Woods stated it to be an incontrovertible fact that liquor is sold in the hotels and other places in the city on Sunday in direct violation of law. In answer to a question by Mayor Weir as to why he did not submit proof, Mr. Woods made a somewhat forcible rejoinder to the effect that the mayor and the police force were charged with the enforcement of the law, and that evidence could very easily be obtained if there was any earnest attempt to do so on the part of the police.

The mayor admitted that liquor is sold on Sunday in many places in violation of law, and he failed to show that any determined attempt had been made to prevent it.

Vindication of COURIER charge No. 2. Subsequently when the editor of THE COURIER was on the witness stand the mayor said that he did not have any money at his command to carry on such detective work as would be necessary to prove that liquor is sold on Sunday. He said that \$200 would be necessary for the purpose. The witness asked him if he had ever demanded any such sum from the council, and he replied that he had once asked for \$20.

Mr. Woods stated that it is a fact that houses of prostitution are being maintained in various portions of the city in open defiance of law, that no attempt is made to regulate these places, and that no fines have been imposed since June—in effect that the mayor, with all of his pious professions, tacitly approves of the maintenance of these places, and is opposed to the infliction of punishment or the imposition of fines on the inmates.

Mayor Weir admitted that these places are being openly run, and that no measures are being taken to inflict punishment or impose fines for reasons best known to himself.

Vindication of COURIER'S charge No. 3. Mr. Woods stated it to be a fact that dances are held Sunday night in the down town blocks, and the editor of THE

COURIER, when questioned, stated that he had witnessed a dance in the old People's theatre on the Sunday evening previous. A question by the editor of this paper, put to Chief Malone, brought out the fact that that gentleman is either a knave or an official blockhead. In either event he is a disgrace to the city. Malone, with that baby stare behind which lurks we know not what, replied that he had never heard of the dances, and did not know that they were held until he read about them in the newspapers. Malone either told an untruth, or he is inexcusably ignorant of what is known to the majority of private citizens.

The testimony offered under this head furnished a complete vindication of COURIER'S charge No. 4.

It is reasonably clear from the above statement that the charges preferred by THE COURIER and referred to by Councilman Woods, were substantiated in every particular, although a perusal of the Weir organs, the Journal and News, might not convey that impression.

If Mayor Weir, with all of his pious professions and his declaration to the effect that he desires to satisfy the good people who elected him, is content to approve, by his inaction, of Sunday liquor selling and Sunday dancing and the unrestricted practice of the social evil, THE COURIER has no special concern in the matter. All that this paper desired to do was to prove the humbuggery of the self-deified mayor, to show his weakness and glaring inconsistency in trying to crush out the harmless sacred concert, while he leaves law breakers undisturbed, and permits vice, too degrading for description, to go unchecked.

And THE COURIER is satisfied to rest its case, with the following by way of friendly advice:

The way of the man who makes a business of extolling his own piety and virtue is full of pitfalls. When a comparison is drawn between the practices of a professional reformer and his promises, there is likely to be a disagreeable showing. It is a great deal better to promise very little or nothing, and do a good deal than it is to promise everything and do nothing. The next time you start out to convince the people of Lincoln that you are a genuine reformer, tackle something that needs reforming.

DON'T OWE THE PIPER,

A Sanitary Allegory That Teaches a Practical Lesson.

Under the heading of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin, a Sanitary Allegory," the London Sanitary Record indulges its readers in a comparison between the subject of Browning's delightful poem and those municipal governments that are niggardly in dealing with sanitary questions. The story should be better known than it is. It was about 500 years ago, according to Browning, that a pest of mice infested the town of Hamelin in Brunswick. The mayor and aldermen were at their wits' end to get rid of the rodents when the "pied piper" came along on a horse and offered the town for the sum of 1,000 guilders. As the story goes, he played upon his pipe so cunningly and alluringly that all the rats, save one, followed him to the river Weser, and thus ended the plague of the rats.

Great joy was felt throughout the city, and naturally the piper expected a prompt payment of his well earned guilders. But the mayor and corporation grew stingy; their troubles were over, they thought, and they would be troubled no more; but to get rid of the pestilent fellow they offered him 50. Then comes the tragedy of the story. They had treated their deliverer shabbily, they had put him in a passion, and they found him pipe to another fashion. Again he piped, so sweetly and persuasively that all the children in the town came flocking out and ran merrily after the wonderful music with shouting and laughter, and they followed their leader to the side of a mountain, which opened and swallowed them all up, and they were never heard of more—in Hamelin, and the parents in that ill fated city were left to mourn.

But it isn't true. We are not so sure of that. It is certainly in print, and if it weren't true how could a grave poet like Robert Browning have taken the trouble to write out the story in charming verse? For our part, we believe it to be perfectly true—if not in the letter, certainly in the spirit. When Browning wrote it, do you not think he had in view those principalities that grudge the expense of paying to get rid of nuisances? There are plenty among ourselves who still act the part of the mayor and corporation of Hamelin.

Clearly the meaning of the poem is that if you are mean enough to grudge the necessary expenditure for ridding your town of destructive pests, then you will have to pay for your sordid economy in the loss of your dearest. You will see your children pass away before your eyes, and you will be utterly unable to stop them or to recall them. You will have to pay the piper somehow; if not in money, then in some far more costly and tragical fashion. Bacilli are more troublesome and more destructive than even rats, because they destroy the most valuable of all property, and they cannot easily be got rid of without spending money. Disease is the costliest of all conditions for a town, while the expenditure on sanitation is the wisest economy.

Might Change His Mind.

"No, Herbert, I cannot marry you. Papa will not allow it," said a Harlem young lady to a member of the theatrical profession.

"Why not?" "Because he says you are an actor. If I could only persuade him to go to the theater when you are in the play, I don't think he would object any more on that score."—Texas Siftings.

THE LATEST SONGS

The following new music is reported by George A. Crancer: Chicago Day waltz, Upon the Sea waltz (Mexican), "Hoss and Hoss," new skirt dance; "When Other Eyes" song, Marguerite "Waiting for a Lord," sung by Lottie Collins; "Forget Thou Me" song.

The "Jap."

Not long ago I visited Japan, That's where I became a married man. Took a little walk; met a little girl; Had a little talk; brain in a whirl; When to the house; had a cup of tea; In came her father; looked at me; Faithfully promised to take my life; If I didn't make his girl my wife. A nice old trouble I'm in you see, With Japanese life I don't agree, A nice old man they've made of me. I'm a mixed up half and half poor Japanese.

CHORUS:

My Japanese wife gives me nothing else but ching chang, But I only sling slang, then she gives me bing bang. All day long upon the tom tom you should hear her ting tang. Sing a song a ding, a ding, of Japan, my Japan In Japan, as everyone knows, everything by contrary goes. Whatever you do in this island tight, we in Japan do the opposite. You call on a friend and ring at the bell. We pull the knob, it's just as well: You take a cab, or take a bus; We let a bus or cab take us. The food you eat, oh dear, oh my. Dead pussie eat and cobweb pie. The ladies have such tiny feet They always ride when they walk in the street.

In Japan, as everyone knows, Everything by contrary goes. You go out and swim in water, but we swim in the lake, river or the sea; You write a letter, you start at the top from left to right till you have to stop; We commence at bottom of the page, to do things backwards is the race; When there's a funeral you wear black, we put white on our back, And other strange things explain if I can In that far off, upside down Japan.

Nothing to Wonder At.

"I used to wonder," said a man of family, "what became of all the patent medicines, but I don't now. My children take them. There's my two younger children, David, who is 8, and Ella, 6. To look at them you'd think they had somebody else's health as well as their own, but I hear their mother say to them before they go down to breakfast:

"Ella, have you taken your antimalaria? David, don't forget your antimalaria."

"It seems that their mother thinks that children of their age ought to take something at this season of the year to strengthen them, and so they take antimalaria every day."

"And there's Reuben, a big, strapping boy of 14. His mother gives him something because she thinks a growing boy like him ought to have something to build him up. And she says to Caroline, who is 16: 'Caroline, you're not well at all. You've got to take something. I think you ought to take some of Glimmer's compound,' and so Caroline begins with Glimmer's compound."

"And I see on the shelf, with spoons alongside, in spring, in summer, in autumn and in winter, the bottles containing the things that the children are supposed to need in the season then current, and I say to myself that if all mothers are like the mother of my children there is no need for me to wonder what becomes of all the patent medicines."—New York Sun.

He Was Unselfish.

The tramp peeked over the back fence to see if there were a dog in the yard, and seeing none he slipped up to the kitchen door and knocked.

"Y' ain't got no dogs around, have you, miss?" he said to the cook, who answered the summons of the stranger.

"No, but we've got a Bengal tiger tied around the corner."

"Is he tied purty safe, miss?" "Yes, but I can untie him, and he's hungry."

"Much hungry, miss?" "Very. He hasn't had anything to eat for two days."

"That's my fix exactly, miss, and I can sympathize with him. Untie him." The cook laughed.

"Come in," she said, "and eat all you want, so the tiger can have a decent meal," and the tramp chuckled softly as he went in.—Detroit Free Press.

The Number of "The Beast."

Vitringa says that 666, the number of the beast (Revelation xiii, 18), probably had some mythical or hidden connection with the "children of Adomkian, 666," mentioned by Ezra in the second chapter and thirteenth verse. Dr. Lightfoot, in writing on that mysterious name "Sethur" (Numbers xiii, 13), says that in Hebrew numerals it is 666 and means mystery. Dr. Kenedy says that 666 in Greek letters is Chi-xi-ban, and that it was the name of the Americas before Atlantis sank.—St. Louis Republic.

The Princess of Wales' long retirement has enabled her to save much of her pin money—£10,000 a year—and bring it up to a comfortable amount. In the past Alexandra has had plenty to do with that allowance, dressing herself most elegantly, her daughters very much less so, and fitting out the boys. Times have changed, her children have an annual income of £36,000 to divide among themselves, and the princess has lived aloof from London society since the death of her eldest son, thereby incurring but little expense for dress.—New York Advertiser.

"Neither is a dictionary a bad book to read," says Emerson in his essay on books. "There is no cant in it, no excess of explanation, and it is full of suggestion—the raw material of possible poems and histories. Nothing is wanting but a little shuffling, sorting, ligature and cartilage."

An Inducement.

"That is a picture of the old Puritans going to church, Robby," said Mr. Norris impressively.

"Here you see them tramping through the snow in single file, every man with his gun thrown over his shoulder, ready for instant use in case of an attack."

"What did they have to carry guns for?" asked Robby, with interest.

"To keep off the Indians," replied Mr. Norris.

"That is the kind of men that built up this country. Not the bitterest cold, nor the heaviest snow, nor the fact that they went in extreme peril of their lives could prevent them from performing their religious duties. Just think of our sturdy, pious forefathers when you don't feel like going to church and remember the hardships they endured to enjoy the privilege of worshiping on Sunday, a privilege which I am afraid you are inclined to hold too lightly."

"Pooh!" observed Robby. "I'd go to church every day in the week if I could get a shot at an Indian on the way."—Harper's Drawer.

A New Thing.

They had come in from a long walk through several buildings, an old man and his patient wife. And they were comparing notes about the sights they had seen.

"Emily," he said, "there's one thing we've passed a good many times today that I'd like to see. I kept thinking maybe you'd see it and say something about it first, because you often say that I am liable to get fooled."

"What was it, pa?" asked the kind looking old mother.

"The Exit," said the old gentleman, clearing his throat. "I've seen it on doorways and gates, and I reckon it must be something new."

Then, as she handed pa half a sandwich and a slice of bread smeared with blackberry jam, she replied with a sincerity that was refreshing:

"We'll look it up tomorrow, and if it isn't one of those awful dances they talk about on the Midway and it doesn't cost too much we'll take it in. I'll make a memorandum of it, pa."—Chicago Tribune.

Had to Do It.

Magistrate Ladner was seated in state behind the tall railing in his Callowhill street office, his dignified clerk at one elbow, his dreaded constable at the other, when a well dressed man entered, mounted the step below the railing, leaned over and observed:

"Judge, I wish you'd commit me to the house of correction."

"Too late," answered his honor curtly. "Drop around tomorrow morning."

The magistrate was thus brief because the request was no new one. Scores of tramps apply to the police justices for lodging and board on the Pennypack. But Ladner's visitor was not to be discouraged.

"My name, judge," said he, "is Silas Elkinton. I live at 3522 Gratz street. I've been drinking too much and eating too little. I'm all broken up, and I haven't a cent. Won't you give me a chance to brace up?"

"You can have it tomorrow," was the reply. "The boat has gone up the river, and I don't commit in the afternoon to suit the convenience of any man that wants to go to jail."

"I'm desperate," rejoined Elkinton. "If you don't commit me now, I'll smash somebody's window. Then you'll have to do it."

"Go ahead," said Ladner, for the man did not look a person to carry out the threat.

"You won't commit me?"

"No!"

Smash! Silas Elkinton's fist went through Magistrate Ladner's door pane, price, \$1.75, right under the awful constable's very nose.

"Now," said the visitor, "I'll bet you'll commit me."

"You've thrown aces," the magistrate rejoined, redhot. "I'll commit you for a year."

"You are more than kind," said Elkinton, and the constable marched him off to Moyamensing and a square meal.—Philadelphia Telegraph

Eccentricities In Palaces.

The King of Siam, who, according to late reports, has had a palace constructed which he can submerge in the sea at will and so live under water whenever he chooses, is not the only monarch who has indulged in eccentricities of this sort.

For instance, history has preserved the memory of the ice palace built by the Russian Empress Anne, who punished several of her dainty courtiers by compelling them to pass the night in this great chamber of state, where they were almost frozen to death.

The Czar Paul, ancestor of the present Emperor of Russia, constructed a room formed entirely of huge mirrors, where he spent hours walking to and fro in full uniform—a singular taste for the ugliest man in Russia.

One of the native princes of Java cooled his palace by making a stream fall in a cascade over the gateway, and the Indian despot Tipoo Sahib placed beside his dinner table a life size figure of a tiger devouring an English officer, the roar of the beast and the shrieks of the victim being imitated by hidden machinery.—Harper's Young People.

Crepe and tissue papers at Crancer's, 212 South 11th.



Mr. Chas. N. Hauer Of Frederick, Md., suffered terribly for over ten years with abscesses and running sores on his left leg. He wasted away, grew weak and thin, and was obliged to use a cane and crutch. Everything which could be thought of was done without good result, until he began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla which effected a perfect cure. Mr. Hauer is now in the best of health. Full particulars of his case will be sent all who address C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.

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